odated man, is no more but such a poore bare forked Animall as thou art, off off you leadings, come on bee true.

Foole. Prithe Nunckle be content, this is a naughty night to swim in, now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old leachers heart, a small sparke, all the rest in bodie cold, looke here comes a walking fire. *Enter Gloster.*

Edg. This is the foule fiend *Sriberdegibit*, hee begins at curphew, and walks till the first cocke, he gins the web, the pinqueues the eye, and makes the harte lip, mildewes the white wheate, and hurts the poore creature of earth, swithald footed thrice the old a nellthu night more and her nine fold bid her, O light and her troth plight and arint thee, with arint thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. Whats hee?

Kent. Whose there, what i'st you seeke?

Glost. What are you there? your names?

Edg. Poore *Tom*, that eats the swimming frog, the tode, the tode pold, the wall-wort, and the water, that in the furie of his heart, when the foule fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets, swallowes the old ratt, and the ditch dogge, drinkes the greene mantle of the standing poole, who is whipt from tithing to tithing, and stock-punisht and imprisoned, who hath had three sutes to his backe, sixe shirts to his bodie, horse to ride, and weapon to weare.

But mise and rats, and such small Deere,
Hath beene *Toms* foode for seuen long yeare-
Beware my follower, peace snulbug, peace thou fiend.

Glost. What hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of darkenes is a Gentleman, *modo* he's caled and ma hu---

Glost. Our flesh and bloud is growne so vild my Lord, that it doth hate what gets it

Edg. Poore *Toms* a cold.

Glost. Go in with me, my dutie cānot suffer to obay in all your daughters hard commaunds, though their iniunction be to barre my doores, and let this tyranous night take hold vpon you, yet haue I venter'd to come seeke you out, and bring you where both food and fire is readie.

Lear.

Lear. First let me talke with this Philosopher,
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. My good Lord take his offer, goe into the house.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this most learned Theban, what is your studie?

Edg. How to preuent the fiend, and to kill vermine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in priuate.

Kent. Importune him to goe my Lord, his wits begin (to vnsettle.

Glost. Canst thou blame him,
His daughters seeke his death, O that good *Kent*,
He said it would be thus, poore banisht man,
Thou sayest the King growes mad, ile tell thee friend
I am almost mad my selfe, I had a sonne
Now out-lawed from my bloud, a sought my life
But lately, very late, I lou'd him friend
No father his sonne deerer, true to tell thee,
The greefe hath craz'd my wits,
What a nights this? I doe beseech your Grace.

Lear. O crie you mercie noble Philosopher, your com- (pany.

Edg. Toms a cold.

Glost. In fellow there, in't houell keepe thee warme.

Lear. Come lets in all.

Kent. This way my Lord.

Lear. With him I wil keep stil, with my Philosopher.

Ken. Good my Lord sooth him, let him take the fellow.

Glost. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirah come on. goe along with vs?

Lear. Come good Athenian.

Glost. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. Child *Rowland*, to the darke towne come,
His word was still fy fo and fum,
I smell the bloud of a British man.

Enter Cornewell and Bastard.

Corn. I will haue my reuenge ere I depart the house.

Bast. How my Lord I may be censured, that nature thus giues way to loyaltie, some thing feares me to thinke of.

Corn. I now perceiue it was not altogether your brothers euill disposition made him seeke his death, but a prouoking merit,